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I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 9

Shall the President and the State Department have the war-making power, or shall the people make the decision? That's one of the important questions the next Congress must answer.

We haven't seen it, but we are told that the moving-picture, "Blockade," cries out against war and, at the same time, holds the audience enthralled. We wish success to anything that "cries out against war."

Probably the rarest animal in the world is the panda, of the southeastern Himalayas. This strange mammal resembles a small bear. It is allied to the raccoon and is gentle.

October 4 is increasingly being recognized as World Day for Animals—the day dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi. From the report issued by the World League, it was celebrated much more extensively last year than any previous year. In eighteen different countries the Day received more or less recognition.

In the report of the president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, we are told that 85,000,000 people per week in the United States attend moving-picture theaters, and that the weekly attendance for the rest of the world is 150,000,000. In this country alone, 27,000 miles of film per day pass through the motion-picture exchanges of the country.

According to a report made at the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in London, "Out of every 100 of wild animals imported, only some 5% die a natural death, 95% dying from various diseases, from cold or unsuitable care and feed." As the larger part of these animals are captured, transported and used in western countries for zoos, one can readily see what the zoo stands for in the way of suffering on the part of these unfortunate creatures.

The Truth about the Great St. Bernard Dogs

WE have before us the report that came over the radio June 22, 1938, from Boake Carter, and which told of the banishing of the famous St. Bernard dogs of the Alpine Hospice to the Himalayas. The report further said that old Brother Cyrille, of the Hospice and keeper of the animals, had set out from Marseilles with tears in his eyes on his last journey with his beloved dogs. That story, Mr. Carter says, was and is incorrect. The story came from Paris. It was widely printed in Paris newspapers.

On June 22 Mr. Carter said over the radio:

"Today a letter from Prior Besson, of the Hospice, reached this reporter, mailed from Grand St. Bernard. I read it: Dated June 12, it runs as follows:

"Sir,
"I have the honor of thanking you for your generosity and I thank you with all my heart. Now Brother Cyrille does not exist except in the imagination of the *Paris Soir* (one of the leading Paris newspapers). The story of the departure of the dogs of St. Bernard to Tibet is pure fantasy. Our good dogs are always at the Hospice and have not left. I pray you, sir, accept my appreciation.

F. BESSON, Prior."

"Thus the far-famed St. Bernard dogs have not gone from the habitat to which they have been accustomed for centuries. They still remain—a fact which will delight many to learn first-hand from the Prior."

An article in *The Cat Gazette* tells us that "cats as weather prophets are invaluable." It continues, "A paw, if it is laid across the nose, guarantees rain. If the accompanying posture is loose and easy it is just a shower, but a 'digging-in' appearance means continued rain or bad weather."

In spite of this we shall still consult the barometer.

Livestock and the 28-Hour Law

OUR readers will be glad to know that the Government officials, whose interest it is to see that the 28-hour law governing the over-confinement of livestock in interstate transit is obeyed, are on their jobs. A letter just received from the United States Department of Agriculture tells us that during the calendar year 1937, 35 railroads paid penalties for the violation of this law, amounting to \$16,400 in 148 cases. During the first seven months of this present year, 33 railroads paid penalties amounting to \$23,100 in 231 cases. This law, to which we have referred, is the one demanding that no livestock in transportation shall be kept more than a given number of hours without rest, food and water. Unless the animals are transported in special cars where feeding and watering can be properly attended to, they must be removed from the train for at least five consecutive hours for rest, food and water.

The Starlings

Forty years ago, we are told, a few English starlings were released in Central Park, New York City. Today there are millions of them throughout the eastern section of the United States and southern Canada. Have they any friends? As a rule, we have found them thought of by farmers and others as most objectionable visitors to our rural sections, and as veritable enemies of many other birds. However, *Nature's News* tells us that they are one of the most effective enemies of insect pests in this country. We do know that they are foes of bluebirds and also, to a certain degree, of martins, house wrens, robins and sparrows. Yet, investigations of the United States Biological Survey show that nearly half of their entire diet consists of insects, and that where the Japanese beetle has become a destructive insect pest, it has been found that practically all of the diet of the starlings consists of this pest.



The Deer

ELLEN JANSON

*He stood, in golden light and shade,
So near us on the wooded hill,
So very beautiful and still . . .
We held our breaths and were afraid
To move, lest we should startle him.
Then suddenly he raised his faun-
Soft eyes, and trembled, and was gone!
But as we wandered homeward, Jim
Said thoughtfully, "How is it, Bill,
That men can see a deer, and kill?"*

About Jack London

The thousands of readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* who are now enjoying the very frank life of Jack London, "Sailor on Horseback," by Irving Stone, now running in that periodical, will wish, if they have not already done so, to read London's posthumous book, "Michael Brother of Jerry." This is the story upon which the Jack London Club was founded by Dr. Francis H. Rowley twenty years ago. If you wish a sample of London's most virile style, a fascinating dog story, and yet one that will make your blood boil at the revelations of cruelty, read "Michael Brother of Jerry." The book may be obtained from the Jack London Club, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, at publisher's price, 75 cents, postpaid to any part of the world. When you order, ask for particulars of the Jack London Club and learn what is being done to stop the cruelties in connection with trained animal performances on stage and screen.

Ant Funerals

An ant funeral is not uncommon in many ant communities. That they venerate their dead and observe funeral rites has been proved by actual observation. They go about this business of burying their dead in an orderly fashion. They have been known to form processions and march by twos, a dead body being carried by two; at intervals the two laden ants stopping to be relieved of their burden by the two walking next in line. A procession of this kind is sometimes followed by an irregular body of ants. Upon reaching the spot selected as a burial ground, they immediately begin digging holes in the ground, into each of which an ant is laid. All graves are filled before the return home is made.

C. H. K.

Hunting from Planes and Cars

HENRY H. GRAHAM

THE newest "sport" on the great desert mesas of southwestern America is hunting coyotes from moving automobiles. While the machine cruises through the wastelands a marksman armed with a rifle sits astride the hood and shoots coyotes as they whisk through the adjacent brush.

Participants call this great fun, but to those who have the welfare of wild life at heart it is something quite different. The hunters have all of the advantage for it is common knowledge that coyotes, jack rabbits and other furry creatures of the uncharted hinterlands have little fear of autos. Pedestrians seldom can get near enough to harm them because of the human scent wafted to the animals' nostrils from long distances. Autos, because of their faster pace, enable the hunters to get very close before the creatures become conscious of danger.

Some years ago hunting antelope from airplanes was a popular diversion in Mexico. The pilot would sight a herd of beautiful, swift-footed antelope; flying directly over them it was easy for hunters to pick out a nice specimen or two and bring it to earth. Later the plane would land, the kill would be picked up and the mighty nimrods return to the home airport with the fruits of victory.

Surely hunting is bad enough in itself without resorting to such practices to bag wild life. Ducks have even been shot from planes against which the webfoot horde is helpless. Some time ago, however, the custom was outlawed by the government.

If game is so difficult to bag in these modern days that such practices must be employed it is high time drastic efforts were made to save the dwindling remnants of our once-plentiful supply of wild life. Truly, one cannot have his cake and eat it, too.

Moose are the largest members of the deer family, either living today, or dating back into antiquity and now extinct. Moose hide makes excellent leather.

Canada's Reindeer Industry

JAMES MONTAGNES

THIRTEEN fawns have been added to Canada's reindeer herd during the May fawning, according to reports just received at Ottawa from the reindeer camps on Canada's western Arctic coast. More young reindeer are reported to have been born at the camp than a year ago.

The herd has shown steady growth since the original 2,370 reindeer were delivered to the reindeer station in the Mackenzie Delta area in 1935. Notwithstanding the usual losses incidental to reindeer herding, and the annual slaughter of surplus stock (steers and aged females) to provide food and clothing for local needs, the deer numbered more than 4,000 at the last round-up. The animals as a whole have adapted themselves to the climate and local conditions on the reservation, and the herd has now developed to the stage where extension of the reindeer industry in the interests of the Eskimo population is receiving serious consideration.

Several Eskimos have been in training with the government herd, but it is now proposed to establish a native herd and to increase the opportunities for the younger natives to learn reindeer husbandry. The plan being considered at present is to separate 800 or 900 deer from the government herd and place them in charge of two native families under the supervision of a government officer. These deer would then be regarded as a native herd distinct from the main herd, and would be moved gradually eastward in the general direction of the Coppermine River, their ultimate destination to be determined later.

Although the natives who may be entrusted with the management of a reindeer herd will be largely responsible for the animals, the deer will remain the property of the government on the understanding they are loaned and that a herd of corresponding size and condition must be returned eventually. This arrangement would permit the natives to secure ownership of the natural increase which may result from the care the animals receive.



REINDEER IN CORRALS AT THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT REINDEER PRESERVES NEAR MOUTH OF MACKENZIE RIVER IN THE ARCTIC

"Bonnie"

A true story

A. GRACE GRAY

I WAS fonder of 'Bonnie,' declared F. A. Featherstone, proprietor of an exchange stable in Nelson township, "than of any other horse that entered my stables. In fact I was so attached to her that I couldn't bear to sell her; so I gave her away instead.

"I bought her at an auction sale when she was a colt and by the time she was six years old my son and I both agreed that she knew as much about running this farm as we did. I was offered three hundred dollars for her then, and three years later the same man came again and offered the same price for her. But although I'm continually buying and selling horses yet I couldn't part with Bonnie. He came again when she was twelve years old to tempt me with the three hundred dollars. But I told him it was no use.

"She had so many human ways about her! Whenever I'd clean up a set of harness and put it on her, was she proud! She was a true female in her love of finery. She was very sensitive to pain—couldn't stand to be hurt or scolded. Sometimes she would get a boil on her neck and when I'd go into the stall with her collar she would perform the most tragic pantomime—just to get sympathy—until I'd be forced to lay the collar down and pet her into quietude. Once another horse kicked her, laying open a huge gash in her hip. When the veterinary came to sew it up I went away; I couldn't bear to see her hurt.

"How did I come to give her away? Well, she was getting past fourteen years old and, because of her age and docility, she gradually slipped into the status of 'the hired man's horse'. One fall we got a new man to do the ploughing. He hitched up Bonnie and started out. I could see that he was one of your know-it-all, domineering show-offs. He set out to master Bonnie, to break her. He jerked her mouth and hollered at her till I told him to quit. I wouldn't even let him lead her back to the stable; I unhitched her myself and took her back. I couldn't bear to see that fine beast handled by such an ignorant brute. And I made up my mind then that if Bonnie had to be the hired man's horse and be at the mercy of any raw laborer to whom we gave a job, I'd better find her a better home.

"So when a kind neighbor came one day to me to buy a horse I asked him to take Bonnie; she would suit his purpose fine.

"I can't afford to buy that mare," he protested, 'Haven't you any cheaper?'

"You don't have to buy her," I told him. 'Just give her a good home and feed and care for her for the rest of her days, and she's your horse.'

"So he had her until she died sixteen years later. She received more care and attention in his stable than we ever could have given her here. I was free to see her or to borrow her whenever I wanted to do so and I had the satisfaction of knowing that she would never fall into any unkindly hands."

In making your will, please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Boston.

The Malayan Tapir

S. V. O. SOMANADER

THE Malayan tapir, seen in the picture with its keeper, was until recently one of the most prized additions to the Ceylon Zoological Gardens housed in the neighborhood of Colombo.

Its death, alleged to have been due to poisoning, came as a shock to those who knew and loved it. The Criminal Investigation Department left no stone unturned to solve the mystery, but their prolonged investigations were not successful.

Shy, solitary, and gentle in nature, this queer creature, the "Peter Pan of the pachyderms," was regarded as a living fossil belonging to the only species found in Malaya, Java, Borneo, and Sumatra. I am told that some of its kinsmen, restricted to about four species, are to be found in Central and South America as well.

Tapirs produce only one young at a birth, and though it was not known what the age of the Zoo specimen was, it is stated that the average life of a tapir, which is regarded as a most delicate animal, is only seven years.

The deceased tapir, which stood about one and a half feet at the withers, appeared really as one of nature's curiosities.

With small eyes and a stumpy tail, and a fat body supported on short legs, even more remarkable was the queer snout lengthened into a kind of proboscis like that of an elephant. With this funny, short, movable trunk, it was great fun to watch it convey the food into its mouth in pretty much the same way as elephants do.

A representative of one of the oldest of living mammals, the tapir is a connecting link between the elephant and the hog, and a not-distant relative of the horse, and even the rhinoceros.

In their wild state, tapirs inhabit the inmost recesses of the dense tropical forests of south-eastern Asia. Nocturnal in habit, they feed on vegetable substances, relishing gourds, melons, green shoots, and grass. Being possessed of a thick hide, they can easily dash through the brushwood, breaking their way through obstacles to find their food or escape an enemy.

They are also very fond of water, and will resort to it to take refuge when pursued, and will very often plunge into it to walk along the bottom instead of swimming. They can remain below the surface for a considerable period.

While a baby, a tapir looks lovely in its velvety-black coat marked with spots and longitudinal streaks of brown and yellow, which set off the white underneath.

The Zoo tapir which died lately was very inoffensive in disposition, and even when annoyed, it would not rush at the keeper to bite him with its powerful teeth, as its wild

colleagues did at an antagonist in the Malayan jungles.

Receiving rice and milk in its captive condition for breakfast, it showed considerable attachment to its keeper, and was very popular with Zoo visitors, but the cruel hand of fate has snatched it away, and the people of Ceylon are all the poorer for its loss.

A Prayer for Dogs

GOLDIE CAPERS SMITH in *Saturday Evening Post*

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Good Master, bless each dog that no one owns,

*That has no flower bed to bury bones,
No loving hand to scratch his ears and ruff,
No gate to guard, and never quite enough
To eat. Ye saints, guard well each cringing
pup*

*That slinks with tail turned down instead
of up.*

*Good Master, pity pampered city dogs
That sleep indoors all day like snoring logs,
That never feel the sun nor watch the rain—
Except behind a curtained windowpane;
That grow to wheeze and cough from too
much fat,
And never in their lives have chased a cat.*

*All other dogs, beloved and gay and free,
Are blest enough—they need not trouble
Thee.*



THE MALAYAN TAPIR WITH ITS KEEPER AT THE CEYLON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. THE RARE ANIMAL IS WAITING FOR ITS BREAKFAST OF RICE AND MILK, AFTER A BATH

Birds from a House Window

I

ALVIN M. PETERSON



ONE OF OUR BROODING ROBIN NEIGHBORS

HOW much one may see of the birds from a window, the house serving as a blind and enabling one to watch them without himself being seen! When the birds do not realize they are being watched, they are natural, unafraid, and go about their daily tasks in an easy, care-free way, securing food, nest-building, courting, singing. At least there is much of interest to be seen from my window, as there also must be from yours, for any yard boasting a few trees attracts a few birds. Let me give you a glimpse of what I have seen the last two weeks, from May 5 to May 19, mainly during the noon hour, when we are resting and have some leisure time.

In the first place, we have seen something of a variety of birds, odd glimpses now and then, a pair of rose-breasted grosbeaks, a wood thrush, a palm warbler, several Baltimore orioles, a pair of catbirds, brown thrashers, many English sparrows, chipping sparrows, white-crowned sparrows, a starling, blackbirds and cowbirds.

Naturally, we have seen many robins also, but mainly a pair that have a nest in the bur oak near the northeast corner of the house, on a lower branch, next the trunk, where we have a good view of it from an upstairs window. At first we saw much of these robins on the lawn, where they hopped over the ground, located an earthworm, got a good grip upon it and pulled it forth. However, our robin neighbors do not live entirely upon earthworms, taking large numbers of cutworms also. It is easy to tell when the birds find a cutworm, for they pick it up much as a hen picks up a kernel of corn and swallow it at a gulp. Sometimes, when watching them, we found ourselves saying: "There robin got an earthworm—there a cutworm—there

another cutworm—and there again an earthworm."

On May 8 I noticed that our robins were carrying earthworms, cutworms, and other food to the nest in the oak, indicating the cradle held young birds. I decided to investigate, so went upstairs for a look through the window, finding that the nest held three youngsters but that both parents were absent. Soon the mother returned, perching on the rim of the nest, looking her babies over as birds usually do after an absence, then taking her place and carefully adjusting her feet before settling down to brood. After that, she stood up from time to time, for the young birds squirmed and moved about beneath her, enabling them to find new places. What a patient, motherly look she had! It had been raining hard for twenty-four hours, and water dripped from the tree. Worse still, the nest seemed to be thoroughly soaked, for water oozed and dripped from it continually. No doubt the young birds were wet and uncomfortable and hence uneasy.

Soon the male arrived with some food for the young birds, and she stood up and backed to the rim of the nest, enabling him to feed a youngster. He left again immediately, while she resumed brooding. Soon he was back again, and this time she offered to take the food, no doubt intending to feed it to a baby bird herself. However, he did not get the idea, or did not think much of it, so did not relinquish his hold upon the insects but fed them to a young bird himself. The mother looked squarely at me from time to time but did not become alarmed and screech and scold as robins sometimes do. While I was at the window, a male English sparrow alighted upon a small branch about eighteen inches from the nest, but the mother robin paid no attention to it, whereas I fully expected

to see her dart for it and send it scurrying off.

Flickers are also to be seen from my window, sometimes on a post or tree trunk, but more often on the ground, either in the yard or across the fence in the field, where they keep busy devouring ants.

There were three white-crowned sparrows to be seen from the window for several days. They spent most of their time on the ground among the leaves near the fence. They hopped from place to place and scratched vigorously, using both feet at once, which they threw forward and brought back with considerable force. At least one of the birds was a male, and how plainly the white on his crown could be seen when he faced us and looked down!

One day I noticed a little bird in a juniper growing near the southeast corner of the house, almost directly beneath me and less than five feet off. I concluded it was either a field or chipping sparrow and that it was building a nest. Soon, however, the bird secured something, flew to the ground, still nearer to me, and I saw it was a chipping sparrow and that it had caught a good-sized dingy moth which it proceeded to hammer to bits and eat. Sparrows are seed eaters, but when insects are numerous, especially at or near their nesting time, they also take many of the pests and thus do considerable good.

Two Doves

*Sitting in a broken willow
'Neath the hillock's sylvan crest,
Two doves their sleek heads pillow
On each other's quivering breasts,
Talking in the only language
That time or need to them has taught
And the tender words they utter
Are a challenge to my thought—*

*"Two to woo-woo-woo!
Two to woo-woo-woo!
You woo, too,
As we do-do-do;
Two to woo-woo-woo!"*

*With their beaks together clipping
In the only kiss they know,
Life's sweetest bliss together sipping
They in Nature's mating go.
And they speak an open message;
Their hearts' love together blends
In a life of peaceful wooing
Which death alone can ever end.*

*"Two to woo-woo-woo!
Two to woo-woo-woo!
You woo, too,
As we do-do-do;
Two to woo-woo-woo!"*

J. M. NICHOLSON

Ninety-two hundred weed seeds were found in the crop of one mourning dove.

Many of the birds that live on the ground can see and walk as soon as hatched. Most of the birds hatched in trees have their eyes closed when they leave their shells and are helpless. They spend their first few days sleeping except when being fed. Owls and hawks are hatched with their eyes open, but they are unable to leave their nests immediately.

The Gulls

JOHN RITCHEY

*Asleep in air, these gulls
Hang in suspended arc
Above unmoving sails.
The sea lies smooth and dark.
Oh birds of light in air,
Safe in the cavern sky,
Be held forever fair
Past question or reply.
Sleep and sleeping float,
And let the heart inquire
What tightens in the throat
And why the veins are fire.*

Some birds have odd places for building their nests. Woodpeckers often make them in telephone and telegraph poles. The grebe has ideas of its own on the subject. It cuts off the stems of water plants, fastens them together, puts some vegetation above, and thus makes a floating raft which serves as a nest.

The eggs of the auks and murres are so shaped that they cannot be blown away. They are large at one end and decrease in size sharply toward the other end. When the wind blows these eggs simply turn around. The eggs are laid on cliffs and if it were not for their peculiar shape few would hatch.

The Beaks of Birds

Their beaks serve some birds just as well as various tools and implements serve us. Barn swallows use their beaks as trowels in plastering their nests with the mud they use. The bank swallow uses its beak as a spade in shoveling out dirt to make its nest. To the woodpecker its beak is a chisel as it cuts a hole in the trunk of a tree for its nest. Orioles make their beaks serve as needles in weaving their nests. The nut-hatches find their bills to be very satisfactory hammers in cracking seeds. Many other birds have beaks that are especially suited to the requirements of that particular bird.



DOWNY WOODPECKER (FEMALE)
Note the chisel-like beak

Australia's Famous Lyre-Bird

See Frontispiece

EWEN K. PATTERSON

THE lyre-bird of Australia ranks among the living wonders of the world. A master minstrel and mimic, it is a unique bird found nowhere else in the world in a wild state. Also known as the "Native Pheasant," it is a handsome pheasant-like bird, and is called lyre-bird because of the lyre-shape of its wonderful tail.

It is the only bird of its kind in the world, and is the sole survivor of a very ancient race of birds, having a primitive characteristic—certain small bones around the eyes. These bones are found in only a few other species of birds, all descended from ancient prehistoric types.

Many noted naturalists have described the lyre-bird as the finest feathered minstrel in the world. Invariably, too, when singing the bird dances, performing delightful rhythmic movements. During this "dance" the bird's wonderful tail is displayed in all its glory. The usual performance is for the bird to swing its tail forward over its head, spreading the ornamental lyre-feathers out wide, as shown in this month's frontispiece, and rapidly vibrating the filmy feathers between the plumes until they become misty in appearance. Because of the shyness of the birds, it is not often that a bird is seen "dancing," but its powerful, clear song can usually be heard a half a mile or more away.

The bird is a glorious singer, and its powers of mimicry are remarkable. It can mimic to perfection the songs of other birds, the barking of dogs, the ring of an axe, and other bush noises, and usually when singing it runs through a repertoire containing a number of songs in one glorious symphony.

Although in the early days many lyre-birds were shot for their beautiful tails, they are now closely protected by law, and so popular have they become in Australia that talking pictures have even been made of their singing, while often they are heard on the radio—microphones being placed in their haunts.

The birds build their nests either on the ground or in trees. The nest is a rounded bulky affair constructed of sticks, twigs, etc., and lined with mosses, feathers, etc. Only one egg is laid by the female each season. The period of incubation is long, extending over five weeks or more, and the young bird remains in the nest until it is from five to seven weeks old.

At birth the baby bird is by no means a beautiful thing—at least in human eyes. Its feathering is scanty; on its head is a tuft of loose, long down, while its legs and feet are huge in proportion to the body. Yet this odd-looking chick is an "ugly duckling" destined to be-

come a handsome bird with the most wonderful tail, and destined also to be a vocal artist unrivaled at mimicry.

Invariably the lyre-bird does its singing and dancing on a specially-prepared mound in the forest. Using its powerful feet, the bird clears a roughly circular space, raking away sticks, twigs and leaves. Then the ground is scratched up, and a "concert platform" about a yard or more square is formed. Sometimes as many as a dozen or more of these mounds are seen around the birds' nesting-places, but although all the mounds are used, at times, usually one is a favorite, where the owner does more singing and dancing than on any of the others.

"Apples of Gold"

OF the many complimentary notices received from the press all over the country, and sometimes abroad, we can reprint but a very few. We offer to send *Our Dumb Animals* regularly to any periodical that indicates a desire to receive it, but we do not always know how much it is read in some of the editorial offices which it reaches. No doubt, however, about the *Press*, Bristol, Connecticut, which often gives a review of the contents of our monthly offering. In a recent issue of the *Press*, "The Traveler" devotes his entire column to a notice of our May issue. Here is the introductory paragraph:

This is the last day of the "Be Kind to Animals Week" but by no means the last day for extending consideration to all useful life. That is a perpetual obligation. However, conclusion of the week brings to me the May issue of "*Our Dumb Animals*" of Boston, a publication that has interested me and enlisted and held my earnest attention and approval for years. Just now I wish to call attention to its superior illustrations. The photographs of animals are remarkably life-like and the engravings are as artistic as it is possible to make them. One would search through many magazines to find anything superior to the portraits of the dog "Brown Maid," "Kurwenal," and the gray squirrel. These are outstanding achievements in artistry.

Then, after quoting one of our leading editorials, "The Traveler" concludes with these generous words:

And I wish to say, speaking from years of close acquaintance with this helpful and true magazine, one with a sensitive conscience and a definite, humane purpose, that it lives up to its professions. It is faithful and true to its obligations. It can always be depended on to do its best. It never falters. It is an asset of incalculable value to the cause of humanity.

A bird's eye is round and with the exception of the owl birds have one eye on each side of the head, enabling them to see two ways at one time. Birds have very fine eyesight. Their hearing is much superior to ours.

It is authentically reported that a night-ingale will not sing in a cage. Like the cuckoo, she will sing during one month only. When she stops singing she changes color, to a dull, drab brown.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

SEPTEMBER, 1938

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

The Horse and the Tractor

THE latest report from Washington tells us that there are 6,812,350 farms in the United States. According to the reports of the manufacturers of tractors, on 1,500,000 of these farms the tractor has replaced the horse. On 5,300,000 of them, horses and mules are still used. The number of horses in the United States is placed at 11,163,000, mules at 4,477,000. There are some 400,000 more horses than those included in the figures above, but which are not engaged in agricultural work. We are also told that the breeding of horses has increased rapidly from 464,000 in 1931 to 832,000 in 1937. Great as the decrease in horses has been since 1920, the decrease in horses actually at work in harness has only been about 3,000,000. We just happened to see the number of horses reported by the U. S. Department of Agriculture 25 years ago. It was 20,567,000.

The Cheap Riding School

We learn from an English exchange that the same thing that is happening in this country is coming to have a growing popularity in England. So-called "riding schools" are springing up, we are told, in many places in that country. Owing to the small fees charged, under-nourished, over-worked and improperly-cared-for horses are being hired out to people who know nothing about riding and who, as it is said, "appear to be under the delusion that the proper way to treat a mount is to try and saw its head off." "Children, naturally," it says, "are the worst offenders." The chairman of the English National Horse Association states that his Society is willing to put before the Government a scheme for the licensing or inspecting of these riding establishments. This same situation is more or less prevalent in our own country. Our Massachusetts Society has investigated many of these so-called riding schools, and not infrequently we ourselves, on our own horse-back rides, have met groups of young people mounted upon evidently more or less worn-out horses, racing them at a dangerous speed—a cruel speed for that type of horse.

The Black Cobra

SNAKES, like men, run up and down the whole scale of good and bad. Of all the bad snakes, however, the black cobra seems to head the list for genuine capacity for harm. He has been called the "most diabolical member of the snake family." Of course, there is nothing diabolical about him, for whatever he does, he does because "he's born that way."

Wherever this snake is found it is reported that the spray of his venomous saliva, which he can throw as far as eight feet, will produce instantaneous blindness when striking the eyes of man. Sometimes this blindness is permanent, sometimes it lasts but a day or two.

Here is a fine illustration of the slanderer who goes about blinding people by "spitting" the venom of slander and falsehood into the intellectual eyes of those he knows, till they are either permanently blinded to the truth or, at least, so seriously incapacitated for seeing that they never see straight again.

Inviting the Birds

It is not too early to begin to prepare for attracting the birds about our homes this winter. Almost any form of a feeding table placed high enough from the ground will answer. Even a place in the yard where food is regularly scattered will bring them. Sometimes this feeding place may be on a piazza, where the birds can be seen through a window. Hang a piece of suet in a tree near the house. Tie a meat bone where it can be reached. To many it is a constant delight, day after day, to watch these little visitors come and go. If you have never given yourself this pleasure, now is the very time to begin.

Even to the Least

Victor Hugo says of that bishop whom all readers of "Les Miserables" will never forget, "He sprained his ankle once trying to avoid stepping on an ant." He belonged to the order of those who would not "needlessly set foot upon a worm." This attitude toward life, even when we meet it in its lowliest forms, can be cultivated in children, if parents start early enough. If there are harmful creatures whose meaning we cannot understand and which must be destroyed, let the destruction be without unnecessary suffering and never in the spirit of cruelty.

The Dog on Wheels

Since we published in our magazine and in some of the Massachusetts newspapers the picture of the dog, the hinder part of whose body was so nearly paralyzed that his owner had arranged a device making it possible for the dog comfortably to get about, the owner writes us that he has had many letters from all over the country asking for blueprints of the little cart. This would indicate that there are a goodly number of such unfortunate pets whose owners are anxious to do everything they can for their comfort.

Cruelty in the Country

CUSTOM is the perpetuator of many a cruelty. The farmer, unless he keeps up with the best farm literature, follows his father's methods, needlessly painful though they may be to the farm animals. Think of the millions of swine butchered in the old-fashioned way—seized, "stuck," and then left to stagger around and bleed to death. Men are doing this just as they did it a hundred years ago, in spite of the fact that intelligent and up-to-date farmers first drop the animal by a small bullet rightly placed, destroying all consciousness, and then use the knife. The bleeding is in no way retarded by this plan.

Consider also the cruelty of dehorning cattle, prohibited by law in certain countries, when a little stick of caustic potash used on the week-old calf's head at the spots where the horns would grow, and causing almost no pain to the calf, would prevent the horn from growing at all. Moisten the places with your finger dipped in water, and then rub with the potash till the skin simply begins to look red.

The Wayside Dog Stands

We have more than once warned our readers against purchasing dogs at wayside dog stands. Reputable breeders do not resort to such methods. Many and many a dog has been brought to us within a few days after having been purchased at one of these places, found to be diseased and the facts with regard to the dog's health and condition badly misrepresented. The sanitary conditions that prevail at many of these places are anything but what they should be, and the care and the food given the animals also worthy of criticism. If you want a dog, if you are going to purchase one, go to a reputable breeder who will stand back of any bargain that he makes with you.

Music in the Air

It is said that the wings of the common house-fly, vibrating 535 times a second, give us the sound of "F" in music. The honey-bee, with its wings vibrating 440 times a second, produces the sound of "A." We are more familiar with that soul-harrowing note that floats about at night from the wings of the mosquito. Just where it belongs in the musical scale we do not know. When, however, you strike for this musician and miss him there are other letters in the alphabet suggested than "A" and "F."

Innuendo

"Waiter."

"Yes, sir?"

"Have you ever been to the zoo?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you ought to go sometime. You'd get a big kick out of watching the turtles zip past."

—Sundial

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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Winchester Branch Auxiliary—Mrs. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; Miss BESSIE SMALL, Treas. Second Thursday.

MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers..	17,581
Cases investigated	461
Animals examined	5,949
Animals placed in homes.....	202
Lost animals restored to owners..	60
Number of prosecutions.....	4
Number of convictions.....	4
Horses taken from work.....	11
Horses humanely put to sleep....	41
Small animals humanely put to sleep	2,851
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected.....	48,766
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep.....	17

Payments of \$35 for a kennel or \$75 for a stall in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels given upon application.

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Veterinarians

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HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JULY

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	850	Cases	2,535
Dogs	661	Dogs	2,164
Cats	174	Cats	318
Birds	8	Birds	43
Horses	5	Squirrels	3
Rabbit	1	Goats	2
Goat	1	Horses	2
		Rabbit	1
		Mouse	1
		Rat	1
Operations	843		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915			162,385
Dispensary cases			402,756
Total			565,141

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	139
Cases entered in Dispensary	522
Operations	221

Watering Horses in Boston

On July 12 four summer hydrant watering stations for horses were established by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in Boston. Up to August 5 this service resulted in the following number of horses being watered: Post Office Square, 495; India Square, 860; Mahoney Square, 566; Merrimac Square, 1,183; making a total of 3,104. This work of mercy is made possible by special generous contributions of various friends of the Society.

New Society in Eugene

Animal lovers in Eugene, Oregon, are rejoicing in their newly-formed Humane Society. Recently the interested group got together, elected officers and a board of trustees, adopted a constitution, and laid plans for a vigorous campaign for members. At present there are eighty-five, all paid up. The idea is to enlarge the membership to include all of Lane County. That means the Society will cover considerable ground for Lane County is larger than some eastern states. It is hoped later to sponsor legislation that may help to prevent sheep killing, and to stop the dog poisoning which has been going on lately.

The Taunton Branch

FROM the secretary of the Taunton branch of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, we have an excellent report for the year ending July 1, 1938.

In addition to the meetings held by the helpful Women's Auxiliary, of which Mrs. Howard F. Woodward is president as well as of the Taunton branch of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a tag day resulted in receipts of \$101, and other activities brought to the Auxiliary nearly another \$100, total receipts being \$1,109.49, and expenses \$1,124.82, leaving a deficit of only \$15.33.

One hundred and seventy-one dogs, 453 cats, 5 birds, and 2 rabbits were humanely put to sleep. Many calls were answered for injured animals, which were relieved of their suffering so far as possible, and many complaints investigated. Many homes were found for lost and stray dogs.

"Be Kind to Animals" posters were placed in all the local schools.

The branch operates in connection with the animal hospital conducted by Dr. O'Brien.

Parent-Teacher Institute

Among the speakers at the Parent-Teacher Institute, held at Amherst, Mass., July 25 and 26, were two presidents of Auxiliaries to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, of Boston, state chairman of the Massachusetts Parent-Teacher Association, and Mrs. Donald C. Kibbe, of Springfield, humane education chairman for the eighth district. Mrs. Clarke urged associations to take advantage of lecture programs offered by the district chairmen, and Mrs. Kibbe called attention to the relation between cruelty and crime and the effect of indifference to suffering upon the character of children, contrasting it with the humanizing effect produced by direct teaching of justice and kindness to animals.

Humane Convention Plans

The American Humane Association announces that its annual convention will be held this year at St. Louis, Missouri, from Monday, October 17, through Thursday, October 20. This is the fourth time that St. Louis has been host to the Association. Headquarters will be established at the Coronado Hotel, Lindell Boulevard and Spring Avenue, where all the sessions will be held.

An unusually interesting program is promised. Among the participants from abroad will be Mr. Charles R. Johns, of the National Canine Defence League, London, England, and Mrs. Johns, who is an expert on child protection, both of whom will be remembered as active in the meeting held at Washington, D. C., in 1935. Another visitor from London, whom it is now expected will be present, is Sir Robert Gower, M. P., a leader in securing humane legislation. President Sydney H. Coleman of the Association will give a report of his recent visit to England, where he inspected the work of the leading humane organizations.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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180 Longwood Ave., Boston

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Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR JULY, 1938

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 105
Number of addresses made, 86
Number of persons in audiences, 10,415

Fund for Field Workers

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.



NEW ANIMALS' SHELTER, SZEGED, HUNGARY

Many of our readers know of the long, difficult struggle in Hungary of Mrs. Camille von Corbelar to awaken interest in unfortunate animals. This picture shows the main building of the new Animals' Shelter with the yards, ambulatory, waiting-room, kitchen, storeroom and rest room. We have

another picture which shows the home for cats connected with the Shelter.

Mrs. von Corbelar is certainly to be congratulated on what she has accomplished. Without the help of generous American friends this fine beginning could never have been made in Hungary.

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for June—30 Days

Daily average large animals	55.1	
Forage for same		\$ 71.85
Put to sleep	13	2.64
Transportation		1.54
Daily average dogs	7.5	
Forage for same		3.20
Wages, grooms, watchmen, etc.		55.50
Superintendent's salary		69.50
Veterinaries salaries		12.51
Motor ambulance upkeep		9.66
Motor bicycles upkeep		8.94
Sundries		19.80

Actual operating expenses \$255.24

Entries: 7 horses, 9 mules, 72 donkeys.
Exits: 2 horses, 5 mules, 59 donkeys.
Outpatients treated: 116 horses, 106 mules, 89 donkeys, 3 dogs, 1 cat.
Other Fondouks visited: 70, all native Fondouks.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: 566 cases investigated, 8,771 animals seen, 1,198 animals treated, 42 animals hospitalized by us from above, 16 pack-saddles (infected) destroyed, (3 motor amb.).

One Day's Work

FRIDAY, 17th: 8 o'clock, Fondouk. Usual work of treating animals. According to orders given during my inspections at the gates of the Medina, owners and drivers of donkeys loaded with stones, lime, gravel, etc., for building in the native city bring their animals to our O. P. visit. Treated 47 this morning. From 9.30 to 11.30 Vet. visit. Dr. Bouguereau operated on 2 donkeys and 1 mule, spending a long time on new land. 12 m. Sent to Hospital from Bah Ftouh a horse in bad condition. 2 p.m. Fondouk. 3 p.m. Went to Service des Beaux Arts (about fence of pasturage). Men cleaning whole grounds and foot-bath. Animals in Hospital: 58.

G. DELON, Superintendent

The cowbirds of our own country and South America, as well as the cuckoos of Europe, Asia and Africa, lay their eggs in the nests of other birds. They do not bother further with the eggs, but allow the other birds to hatch the eggs and raise the young.

The Crow

*We all should heed the triumphant deed
Of this valiant friend of man,
And all should know the sable crow
And lift the cursed ban
That we all place upon his race;
A curse that we can't explain;
But we must confide we take great pride
In destroying his domain.*

*Since the earth began the race of man
Has waged a relentless war
On this sable bird which man preferred
To banish forevermore.
But now we know that the lowly crow
Is a part of the infinite plan,
And that he's worth the praises of earth—
For he's a true friend to man.*

*In the struggle and strife we wage for life,
The birds are essential as air:
For without their aid the insects would raid
The food crops everywhere.
The people would starve and the bugs would carve
Destruction through the land;
No food to be had and man would go mad,
And death on every hand.*

*So let's take a vow and start right now
To protect our feathered friend.
We'll give him a boost and protect his roost
And give him a helping hand.
We'll make it a law that his raucous "caw"
Must never, never cease,
And place his name in the hall of fame
And let him live in peace.*

ROBERT E. DIVELY

Conquest or Kindness

L. E. EUBANKS

A VERY prominent woman, when asked her ideas on prevention of war, mentioned a number of highly important points. But all her suggestions dealt with the relations of person to person. Even when she touched briefly on the inadvisability of giving a child toy guns, "soldiers," etc., she neglected to mention the part pets may play in anti-war education. This oversight is general; and serious, because proper training in kindness to dumb animals develops in a child those qualities that will, later, cause him to hate war in all its phases.

No nation, nor individual, attacks without the belief in the ability to conquer. Poetically, it is the "spirit of conquest"; actually, it is cruelty and avarice. The brutal, aggressive ruffian will tell you that he wants resistance, a good fight—but always he wants to win; and assuredly he's too cowardly at heart to start trouble unless confident that he can win.

All that "conquering" idea is what I would eliminate from the child's education—in a physical sense. Let him conquer self and adverse conditions of his life; there are sufficient psychological conquests, in most every human life, to develop normal fighting spirit—spirit of the better kind.

It requires particular brutality for one nation or individual to attack another when opposition is inconsiderable or wholly lacking. Since a person's, even a child's dominion over a dumb animal is so complete, there is no antagonism to overcome.

Better still, there is responsibility, necessity of care. Even the youngster of tender years sees this dependence readily, at an age when his more intricate responsibilities to his human brother (living, perhaps, across the ocean) would be beyond his comprehension, and outside his limit of juvenile interests.

Actually, some children reach surprising age without ever having given a thought to the feelings of other living creatures. If an only child, living in ease and comfort, the youngster hardly appreciates that there is such a thing as suffering and dependence. His selfishness, though not his own fault, constitutes the ideal foundation for "conquests" of all kinds.

Shall we give such a child a toy gun, soldiers, military uniforms, etc., or a pet puppy? Our choice may determine the entire future for him—and, through him, for many others.

"As the twig is bent—" Make the children hate cruelty, strife and selfishness, and there will be no future wars.

Terror in the Forest

ROBERT P. YOUNG

HEY, are you sure that fire is out?" yelled Bill.

"Sure I'm sure," his brother snorted the reply.

"O.K., then," answered Bill, "We have a long way to go before dark, so let's get going."

The two boys shouldered their packs and hurried off on the trail home. They left behind them what they were certain was a

dead fire, but they had taken no precautions to make sure of it. The "dead" fire remained dead for several hours, and then, suddenly, there was a burst of flame from the ashes! Swiftly the flames ate their way along the pine needles that lay on the ground. Then came the first tree. Ah, how the flames loved it. They flowed swiftly up the tree, growing larger all the time. They spotted another tree right next to them, so they leaped over there. More fun! The flames grew to a raging inferno with startling speed, sweeping on with the wind, and destroying everything in their path. And, faintly, just in front of the flames, the patter of feet could be felt, rather than heard, above the roar of the fire. Bear, deer, wildcats, and all the other animals of the forest ran together from this the common enemy of them all. They ran with a blind terror seldom seen among animals. Crashing into trees hidden by the blinding, choking smoke pall, they ran until they could run no more, falling down in defeat to be devoured by the hungry flames.

Things like this take place every year in all parts of the land, and most of them are due to carelessness. It does not take but a minute for you to make sure that your camp fire is out, and it takes but an equally short time to use greater care in selecting a spot for your camp fire. There is no trouble involved in being sure that the match you tossed carelessly aside is out. Take the match in both hands and break in two pieces before tossing it aside, is one way of being sure.

A great many lives and millions of dollars are lost each year in fires of this type. Sometimes whole towns have been wiped out, completely destroyed. All that is left is a desolate stretch of land with nothing but a few stumps and what remains of a few houses. There are no birds making life more cheerful with their sweet singing, nor are there any animals frisking happily through the woods that has been destroyed. This is not a pretty picture. Just think of the dividends a little care pays you.

Hogs will not only kill, but will eat snakes, even the poisonous ones. They suffer no ill effects from the snake venom. The "porkers" which produced the meat products appearing on your table probably never even saw a snake.



Globe Photo

THE KANGAROO BELONGS TO A RESIDENT OF BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA, AND IS JUST AS AFFECTIONATE AS THE DOG. THE TWO ANIMALS ARE GOOD PALS

"Jess"

A true story

G. A. GRACE

THAT 'Jess' of mine," proudly declared John Coverdale of Kirkwall, Ontario, "is the friendliest horse in the country. She whinnies good-morning to me when I go into the stable, she whinnies a greeting to folks in cars or wagons going along the road, and when my wife calls me from the field to dinner, she answers for me every time.

"One morning she had a sore foot so I left her tied in the stable and hitched another horse up with her mate. Was she vexed! She whinnied her protest from the stable and broke her halter to come out to me. I led her back and tied her up again, but before I had finished hitching the team, she had broken her halter again and come out. Then I gave in.

"Jess," I said, "if you're so anxious to work, I'll let you." Of course she thought she'd be missing something—tied up alone all day in the stable.

"And does she like going to church? She's a real good Presbyterian, I can tell you. As soon as she hears the church and sees the folk gathering outside she starts to whinny, as much as to say, 'Well, well, here we are again! The old kirk looks good to us all on the Sabbath morning.'"

Cat Comforts

ESTHER C. AVERILL

SOME cats in Worcester, Mass., live in luxury. One family has a house built especially for their pets. Another has an automatic door so that the cats can come and go from their home as they please. It seems strange that more people do not prepare these simple contrivances for their pets comfort.

The most interesting cat house was built by Mr. S. J. McWilliams. It is a box fastened on the outside of the window-sill. The first floor window is left open just far enough to allow for this box which is thirty inches by nine in size. There is a door in the box which swings on a flexible wire. This allows a cat to come and go as it pleases. A small glass window has been added to this cat house so that pussy can sit in comfort and watch the goings on outside. To reach the box from outside an antique flower stand with three shelves makes an attractive and useful flight of stairs. At present three generations of cats are making use of this unique cat house.

In another part of the city Mr. Henry W. Dawes has rigged up a very elaborate automatic door so that his pet can come and go without bothering anybody. At one of his cellar windows there is a glass box just half the size of the window. Slightly below the box is a wire cage. From this cage a runway leads down to a table in the cellar. In the wire cage there is a trap which releases a door in the glass box when the cat steps upon it. This works by means of a ratchet operated by a weight suspended by a pulley which turns a pinion on the revolving door. When the door opens the cat goes outside. When pussy wishes to return to the house she steps on another trap outside the door which lets her in again. The traps are so arranged that they will close the door after the cat has passed through. The first few times that pussy tried her new exit she caught her tail in the swinging door, but since she got the hang of the thing she switches her tail through it hastily, and never has any trouble.

Cat lovers can easily fix up similar contrivances and thus make their pets' lives more comfortable.

A Word for Cats

Letter to New York Herald Tribune

SO many men hate cats. And only because they do not understand them. Cats are not selfish. They will return, in full measure, whatever a human being gives them. It is true that a cat will look rather bored if you pour out to him all of your petty little dislikes and hates and annoyances—yes, even your soul. But a cat keeps his soul to himself, and he is above letting tiny, insignificant things annoy him. Would that we humans could be as the cat!

There are so many, many lonely business people in New York, both men and women, who, for many reasons prefer to live alone.



"PATRICIA," LATE PET OF MRS. GENEVA L. SEALEY, LUBBOCK, TEXAS

I love dogs, but do not approve of shutting one up alone all day in an apartment. They need companionship. But a cat sleeps all day and is ready to walk abroad at night. If these business people would take unto themselves a kitten they would have lots of fun and companionship. There are times when, after work, we go home alone, and it is rather nice to stop at the head of the stairs or apartment door for a second and hear that friendly little greeting from inside. No fault finding, just "Meow, I'm glad you're home. Now, please hustle open a can of shrimp."

And, believe it or not, your cat knows your moods and is sympathetic if you are sick or worried. People think me crazy, I know, for being so devoted to my cat (he is seven years old and has made many train trips with me to my home in Boston), but I do think those of us who are at all "domestic" and who have had homes and ties and now are of necessity living alone in apartments and going to business every day, just must have something alive to go home to and to fuss over a little; and, take my word for it, you lonely business people, even a cat will keep you from growing too selfish and self-centered and thinking only of yourself.

The shepherds of the Holy Land, amid scenes of pastoral beauty, follow the kindly teachings of the Scriptures, in their treatment toward their flocks. A shepherd, here, never drives his sheep, but leads them. The sheep follow willingly, knowing that their master's hand will never be lifted against them. He soothes small bruises or wounds carefully, with olive oil. No matter how hard it is to obtain water, he always manages to provide a goodly amount to appease the sheeps' thirst, at the end of day. Gentle confidence shines in the eyes of the flock.

Dogs Went to Church in Former Days

LESTER BANKS

TAKING dogs to church was a common practice in former days, and ancient church records and accounts contain some amusing entries regarding them. Some churches, for instance, had dog doors cut in the main doors so that dogs could pass out and in when the door proper was closed during service.

Dog tongs were in frequent use, apparently used to eject troublesome dogs, and it was one of the duties of the verger in some parishes to keep dogs out of church. In the West Riding villages, in Yorkshire, between sixty and seventy years ago, the verger was often known as the "dog knopper," while in several old church account books the payment of money for keeping dogs out of church is recorded.

There is even a fourteenth century church where the rails separating the chancel from the nave are set so close together as to leave little space between, and this is said to have been a device of Archbishop Laud to prevent the canine part of the congregation from penetrating into the sanctuary during the sacrament.

Even today, in Scotland and the Border counties, the custom has not yet died out. There are many anecdotes told of the Highland sheep dogs which form a regular part of the congregation in the village kirks. They are the constant companions of their masters the shepherds, and accompany them even into the pews. The Cheviot shepherds order their collies to "clap down," and the dogs go to sleep.

Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," wrote of the same custom among other shepherds. There were, he said, as many dogs as persons in the churches, and they sat out the service with commendable patience until the last psalm. Then they began to stretch and prepare to depart. One congregation, he added, found a way to hoodwink the sagacious dogs. They sat during the blessing, and so obtained quiet and order until the end.

Of course, the character of the sheep dog makes him a more suitable churchgoer than most others would be. He is obedient, not quarrelsome, quiet and content to rest during this interlude in his hard-working week. He does not abuse his privilege, and is so integral a part of the population of the sheep country villages of the North, and so inseparable from his master, that his presence in church at the feet of the shepherd seems to be entirely normal.

But, considering the many far less obedient kinds of dogs, the ancient custom must at times have given congregations a lively time.

The first horses to be imported into the Colonies came to the Massachusetts Bay Colony about 1629. The Pilgrim Fathers were quick to realize their value in the New World.

Wiser Than His Master

EDYTHE S. RICHARDSON

THIS is a true story about a dog named "Lobo." He is a beautiful husky owned by a college professor.

The professor is a great lover of dogs and owns several besides the husky. He is an outdoor enthusiast and during the winter vacations takes trips into the deeply



wooded sections of northern New Hampshire. On these trips he travels by car as far as the roads permit and then transfers his camping outfit to a sled which is drawn by a team of dogs to a suitable camping place far from civilization. From this base camp he takes short trips into the forest and mountains to study the life and habitats of the small animals such as moles, shrews, and mice.

He has trained Lobo to be his lead dog. The dog loves this work and is always happy to get into the woods. He manages his team mates intelligently and efficiently. Always thoughtful of his dogs, the professor usually walks ahead on snowshoes and breaks a path for the team.

One day the professor had gone farther from camp than he realized and it was late afternoon when he started his return trip through the deep woods toward the lake. The base camp was on the opposite side and he had planned to go straight across the lake to it.

The sun had set by the time he came to the lake so he stopped to get his bearings. Lobo and his team mates who had been following their master all the afternoon laid down to rest. The camp itself was not visible at this point but the man could locate its position by the shore line and the sky line. After locating the position of the camp the man called to the dogs and started straight across the lake for the camp.

When he had gone some distance he realized that the dogs were not following as closely as usual. Turning about he found that Lobo was standing still and sniffing the air. Apparently the dog was disturbed by something of which his master was unaware.

Seeing that his master had stopped, Lobo lead his team mates around and started in a direction opposite to that of the camp. Knowing that dogs have very keen senses the master decided to follow the dogs.

It was getting darker all the time and even the sky line was becoming less distinct in the twilight. Shortly Lobo changed his direction of travel again but still not in

the direction of the camp. His master, anxious to get to camp, began to wonder whether the dog really knew what he was doing or not. He called to Lobo and after patting and talking to him urged him to go directly toward the camp. Lobo laid down and the other dogs always did what Lobo did. This was the dog's way of telling his master that it was not wise to go in that direction. After coaxing, the man started out thinking that the dogs would follow him. He had gone but a short distance, the dogs following reluctantly, when the ice began to crack under his feet. Stepping back quickly he looked ahead and saw the glitter of open water. Then he knew that Lobo had been wiser than he.

Gratefully he gave the dogs free rein to go home the best way. Lobo skillfully skirted the unfrozen part of the lake and lead his master back to camp safely. At camp the dogs were rewarded by being given an extra good supper before their master had his own.

Dog Laws in Belgium

ROBERT JAMES GREEN

BY a recent count there were well over 685,000 dogs in the little country of Belgium. Most of these are faithful workers. In all nine of the Belgian provinces, dogs are used to pull the light carts of bread and milk and other supplies of the door-to-door salesmen. Tourists who visit Belgium and see so many dogs working for their living are likely to criticize this custom, but they will be glad to learn that humane laws have been enacted for the protection of the dogs. Here are some of the dog laws:

All dogs must be harnessed to the carts in such a manner that at each stop they can lie down, if they wish, and rest their heads upon their paws.

In bad weather when it rains or snows, at each stop the cart driver must see to it that he puts a sack or mat on the street cobblestones under the dog; when it's very cold, each dog must be provided with at least an oilcloth cape from shoulders to tail. It is unlawful for a driver to put into

harness a sick, an old, or a crippled dog, or a mother dog with puppies.

Most drivers prefer to walk between stops. But there is a law for this, too. No driver can sit on a dog cart unless it is pulled by several dogs.

No dog may be hooked to a cart with any other kind of an animal.

A dog cart driver must be at least fourteen years of age.

Cart dogs must be at least twenty inches high at the shoulders. This is to be sure they are strong enough for the average cart.

Dogs must not be attached to any cycle type of cart, as it is difficult for a dog to adapt his gait to the speed of the cycle operator.

Even though they do a good day's work, Belgian dogs are treated as well, or better, perhaps, than most dogs in any other country in the world.

Notation on Immortality

*We sat debating many things together,
Old Rover drowsy on the floor, and then,
Watching him hunt in dreams, we argued
whether
A dog will live again.*

*Searching the Scriptures, "perish as a
beast"
We would recall, and, in another place,
"Without are dogs" . . . in all the scroll
no least
Promise for Rover's race.*

*Lean and unkempt beside his owner's chair
He sprawled. We could not clearly pic-
ture him
Ranging around with sheep-burrs in his
hair
Among the seraphim.*

*The fire went out, the hall clock struck
eleven.
Stretching, he sighed, and edged a little
way
Nearer his master's foot—already in heaven.
And asking but to stay.*

NANCY BYRD TURNER, in *Atlantic*



The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and thirteen new Bands of Mercy were reported during July. Of these, 77 were in Illinois, 28 were in Pennsylvania, four in Massachusetts, and four in Syria.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 232,698.

Home-Robbers

MILDRED D. CREHAN

BIRDS' nests have always been a source of exploration and enjoyment for children. Many children will look at and appreciate the wonders of tiny woven or specially constructed nests, admiring the delicate workmanship and beauty. Others do not see the work of art that a birds' nest presents, but seek only to destroy it and pilfer its contents. If these children could only know the pain and suffering thus brought to the poor, little mother bird, the weary hours of toil and labor she has spent in creating a home, and the heart-breaking despair she endures upon losing her home and eggs, they would surely never destroy another nest.

But, not only children are guilty of home-stealing from the birds. Grown children, in other words, adults, make a business of robbing one species of bird. This robbery is continued year after year because, in some parts of the world, the nests of the edible swifts are considered rare delicacies and are used to make soup.

The swifts construct their nests in limestone and volcanic rock caves. When the first nests are completed, collectors visit the caves and gather the complete homes. In about a month's time, the nesting-grounds are raided again. The third collection is taken about two months later. This usually produces the best and most valuable "crop" of nests. The best quality nest resembles pure isinglass, the second quality is yellowish in color, while the third is usually discolored, mixed with feathers, and sometimes contains other substances.

These lovely little nests are constructed from a "gelatinous secretion from the salivary glands" of the brave little swifts.

The swifts actually put a part of themselves into the construction of their homes and it seems very cruel that men will not allow them to rear their families in peace. Only after building and rebuilding four complete homes are the poor little creatures granted the privilege of retaining just one.

Dragonflies often called the devil's darning needles, are harmless. They do not have stingers like wasps.

An Animals' Paradise

AUDREY MCKIM

NO shooting allowed within the 5,300 miles of Jasper National Park, and the wild life certainly appreciate it. In most cases the animals have lost their fear of man, and look upon him as their friend.



If food is scarce in the forest, the deer and bear think nothing of coming into town to the back doors of the Jasper homes. The human population of Jasper is approximately 1,500. It is a common sight to see deer grazing in the school yard, walking down the streets, and jumping fences.

The fences are a problem. Of course the gardens need their protection, but town regulations state that if wiring is put above the ordinary fence, tin reflectors must be put upon the wires so the deer will see, and not attempt to jump.

The elk, moose and mountain sheep are more timid than the bear and deer. They come only to the outskirts of the town. Perhaps this is best, as they are still rather treacherous, but who can say what their reaction will be when they, too, discover that man—at least in this small part of the world—is to be trusted?

Owl

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

*The little lanterns of his eyes
Are burning where the twilight dies.
He moves like shadow underneath
The dusky branch, the quiet leaf.
The little furred and cautious things
Hearing the soft whirr of his wings
Take shelter in the whispering grass,
Watching his silent shade go past.
Nothing moves and nothing stirs
Where his ghostly figure blurs,
And he is more alone than they
Who see him go his secret way.*

Send one dollar for the bound volume of "Our Dumb Animals" for 1937.

A Tragic Experience

IVA F. TRUSSELL

THE glorious Fourth had been a day of fear and anxiety for the stray mother cat who had made herself a home in a forsaken building near a street in one of our towns. She had once had a comfortable home and warm basket of her own; but, for some unknown reason, and by no fault of hers, she had been taken for a long ride in an auto, and left to the mercies of what, to her, seemed a cruel world.

She grew very thin, as the supply of mice she could catch never seemed quite enough to keep her from feeling hungry; and with no one to love her, life appeared hardly worth living.

Then one day her three beautiful babies arrived. Now there was something to love and care for. Nothing could be so pretty as the soft furry little ones. "Buffie" was a shade of yellow; "Maltie," a pure Maltese color; and the boy of the family was black and white.

No one will ever know just how hard it was to find food enough for them as they grew older, but not yet able to catch mice for themselves. But now things were looking better. A neighboring housewife had noticed the family in the empty building, and every day a plate of food was sent to them.

After a noisy night, the tired mother was taking a little nap, when a crowd of small boys arrived, bent on mischief. The babies were too young to realize that on the Fourth even good boys are bad.

No one will ever know what that night meant to the anxious mother. She was exhausted, and would always fear boys to the last day of her life.

Let us remember that little helpless creatures are very much like ourselves, and that they will respond to kindness, and be grateful for any favors shown them.



MISS CHRISTOL JACKSON, CANNON BEACH, ORE., AND HER BEACH PET, A BABY BEAR, WHO LIKES THE WATER

CHILDREN'S PAGE

My Elfman Friend

CLARA RADER

*One summer an elfman who lived in a tree
Came early each day and had breakfast with me.*

*He wore a fur coat always kept clean and neat
And trousers of fur, but no shoes on his feet.*

*At first he ate breakfast on my window-sill
While inside the cabin, I kept very still.*

*Then one day his breakfast was placed on the floor
And he came right in when I opened the door.*

*At last, to my joy, he would jump on a chair
Then onto the table and eat breakfast there.*

*So that elf and I, in good or bad weather
Enjoyed every day, our breakfast together.*

Little Jane and the Monkey

ELSIE WHEELER

ONE day when little Jane and Big Sister were out walking they came upon a crowd of children circling a dark man who held a dancing monkey by a chain.

"Oh, how cute!" Jane cried, when she spied the tiny wrinkle-faced animal. "But, Sister," she whispered, "isn't he too hot wearing a velvet jacket and woolen skirt in summer?"

"Of course, he is," Big Sister whispered back, "for his fur is all the clothing he is supposed to wear."

The children were screaming with delight, and the monkey danced wildly. "I know the little fellow is tired, too," Jane said pityingly.

"Yes, he probably is,—very tired; but he must go on dancing or the man would punish him."

"I wouldn't like to have a long chain like that fastened to my neck, all the time either; would you, Sister?"

"Not even for one minute; and neither would the man. And the little monkey would rather be free to run and jump and climb trees like other monkeys."

"Then the man should turn him loose!" Jane declared.

"But the man does not like to work," Big Sister explained, "so he makes the monkey dance, and any one who watches the performance is expected to put money into the cup when the monkey passes it around."

"Well, then, let's not watch," Jane said, indignantly, "and we won't owe anything."

"A fine suggestion," Big Sister agreed, and they started away.

"If no one else watched them there would be no one to put money into the cup and the man would have to go to work. Then the little monkey could play."

"That is the way we could wish it," Big Sister said.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The use of monkeys as described above is prohibited in at least one state—Connecticut.



"MY PONY," SAYS THE PROUD LITTLE MISS

"Sandy Buck"

DORIS I. BATEMAN

HILLMAN, Michigan, is the home of "Sandy Buck," a tame deer who has made himself the beloved pet of the townspeople. Several years ago he was rescued, when only a fawn, his mother having been shot by a thoughtless hunter, making Sandy one of the many deer-orphans found each hunting season.

Sandy, when small, would often be found among a group of children who readily gave him all the carrots and other fresh vegetables he could eat. Another of his friendly gestures used to be the invasion of the local picnic grounds, where he developed a fondness for cake from the visitors' picnic baskets. The city visitors were particularly delighted to find a deer so friendly, and Sandy quickly became one of the town's most photographed residents.

One warm, summer morning, while the members in a local church had their heads bowed in prayer, Sandy, with his soft hoofs on the carpet, managed to get down the aisle almost to the front pews, before he was discovered. Needless to say, he was led gently but firmly outside, and the front doors of the church closed behind him, in spite of the heat.

As Sandy began to grow antlers, and the deer season approached, the local residents began to fear that their animal friend might become the target of some strange hunter's bullet. To be sure that he would be known and recognized, one of the women made him a scarlet jacket, to be worn only during the hunting season. Each fall now, Sandy walks gaily down the street or into the edges of the woods, showing off his bright coat, and without fear of being molested.

George T. Angell, founder of the Band of Mercy, never tired of giving this admonition: Remember that water is the first great need of animals in hot weather.

An Educated Wild Hog

R. H.

THERE has been a great deal of discussion of various trained animals which have gone through certain maneuvers that seem to require the aid of what is commonly called reason. There have been a number of celebrated horses and dogs that were good at figures. The cleverest animal in the world doesn't usually concern himself with such human specialties as mathematics. Yet amazed audiences have looked on open-mouthed as certain presumably unusually gifted quadrupeds (which in every case, it is true, had enjoyed a very special training, and which worked only under very specially arranged conditions) tapped off or barked off the answers to various mathematical problems with the most edifying accuracy. Who could argue, in the face of such convincing evidence to the contrary, that animals don't think?

Well, perhaps animals *do* think, although the ability of a horse to add five and nine, or to multiply six by seven with his master standing near, does not infallibly indicate any very complex reasoning processes in the equine brain. It is not tremendously difficult to train a horse to tap his foot when he is given a signal, even a scarcely perceptible signal which an unsuspecting audience might not notice. And it is not particularly more difficult to train him to cease tapping when another inconspicuous sign is given. Thus, for the earlier instances of mathematically cultured animals, before audiences had grown experienced and wary, we have given what is probably an entirely adequate explanation. But by the time when this is written, there are animal trainers who can baffle the cleverest and most skeptical observers, who can teach their wards to begin counting and cease counting without the trainer's moving a muscle, without his flicking an eyelash, without his needing to make a sign that the sharpest eye or ear could discover.

One of the keenest students of animal psychology in the world is C. F. Koenig, Director of the Zootechnical Station on the Treseburg, in the picturesque Harz Mountains near the German University city of Goettingen. Herr Koenig's most useful collaborator in his investigations is an intelligent and obliging young wild boar named "Pinsel." Pinsel is as good at counting as any horse or dog which ever dumbfounded a simple-minded audience, and he can do much more difficult things than merely add five and nine, which any fairly industrious second-grader could count up for you in a jiffy. Pinsel can perform feats of delicate discrimination which would be completely beyond the brightest second-grader in the world, and probably just as far beyond any eighth-grader or twelfth-grader unless he had a very unusual psychic endowment. For many animals are much more sensitive than human beings; and the finest accomplishments of C. F. Koenig and his tame wild pig would seem to run over into the domain of what is usually called telepathy.

Pinsel had a way, for example, of rubbing playfully against his master's hand. Herr Koenig conceived the idea of influencing the animal to push his snout against one of his outstretched fingers rather than either of the others. He would think hard that Pin-

sel must caress the little finger or the forefinger or the thumb, and when Pinsel touched the finger which he had decided on, he would give him a bit of his favorite food. When the pig touched the wrong finger, the scientist would show displeasure. After a great many of these experiences, Pinsel attained to absolute infallibility, so that today, without any conscious physical signalling on the part of the man, he pushes against whatever finger is in the man's mind at the moment and carefully avoids the others.

There were other experiments which were not the scientist's idea but Pinsel's. Koenig discovered that the pig was able to tell when his master was planning to take him out for a walk. The zoologist would be sitting quietly behind his book, and as far as he himself knew, his decision to take a walk with Pinsel in a few minutes had not become visible in any sort of physical change or movement, when he would discover Pinsel standing beside him ready to start. And on certain occasions when he had changed his mind after once making it up, Pinsel would somewhat sulkily withdraw, without any sort of conscious hint from the man, physical or even mental. Pinsel, who is presumably an entirely normal German wild hog, evidently has a keenness of apprehension such as only a medium or clairvoyant of the human family possesses.

But Pinsel is not yet ready for a college professorship. None of all this proves that he is reasoning in the human sense, any more than any evidence yet presented proves that certain horses and dogs have mastered the rule for cube root. It proves only that many animals have marvelously keen senses, and that many of them are extremely affectionate, loyal and obedient.

No Cows Here Then

There were no cows in this country when the Pilgrims came here in 1620. But since English babies were reared on milk, that oversight was soon remedied. In 1622 the first cattle arrived from Holland. But sterilizing the milk was unheard of then. As late as fifty years ago, our statistics show that 20% of all babies born, died in the first year from milk-borne diseases, such as bovine tuberculosis, typhoid fever, and other contagious or infectious diseases. Now due to compulsory sanitary methods and Pasteurization, that rate is cut 75%. This is to remind you that one cannot afford to be careless in dealing with any foodstuffs, or their sources.

At the Zoo

LOUISE DARCY

*I cannot watch the animals
Pace slowly to and fro,
Watching the world with tired eyes,
Wishing that they might go
Back to a place where iron bars
Were barriers unknown,
Without surprise that men should want
To cage them up alone.*

*The monkeys look so pitiful;
The lion seems ashamed;
The tiger stalks with restive stare;
The leopard snarls, untamed.
I cannot watch the animals
When I am at the zoo
Without the thought of how I'd feel
If I were prisoned too.*

Plutarch tells us that Pythagoras bought birds from sportsmen and gave them back their freedom. He even refused to eat certain beans upon which insects were fed, for fear he should deprive them of food. "A man may not hurt a gentle and sweet plant, much less a harmless and profitable beast," he said.

Little Girl: "Can you lend me some eggs for a hen to sit on?"

Neighbor: "I didn't know you had a hen."

"Well, I borrowed one to sit on your eggs so's I'll have some chickens of my own."

Our Dumb Animals

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Sustaining Life	20 00	Annual	1 00
Children's	\$0.75		

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

